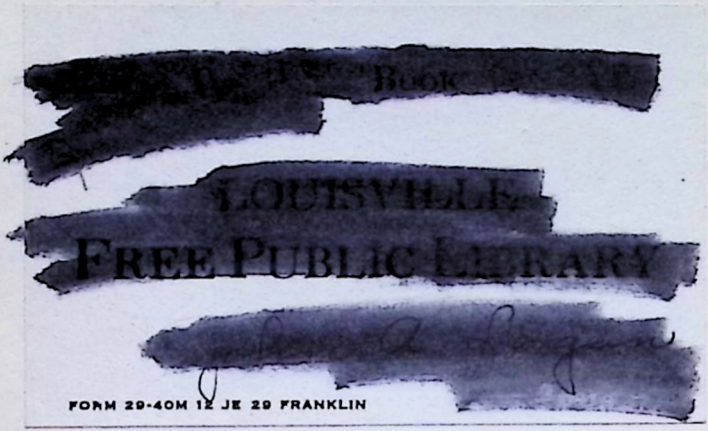
Echoes from the Hills of the Mammoth Cave Country


LOUISVILLE
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORM 29-40M 12 JE 29 FRANKLIN

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE LIBRARY

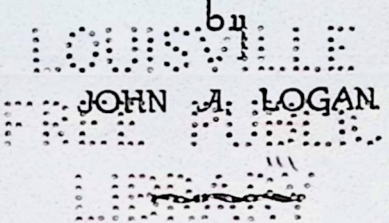
Louisville Free Public Library

JOHN A. LOGAN

Echoes From The Hills

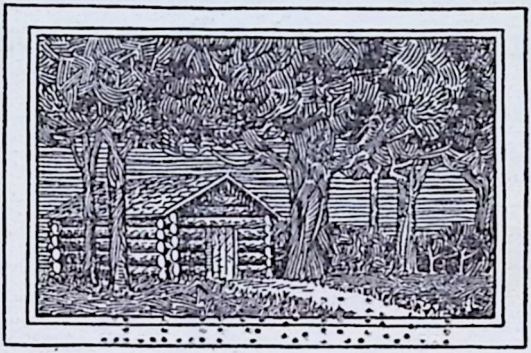
of

The Mammoth Cave Country



Published by the
Porter-Coombs Printing Company
Bowling Green, Kentucky
1930

F
457
.M2
L65
1930



FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY

PREFACE.

These short stories which have been reduced to rhyme by the writer relate actual occurrences and are based on facts. Aside from the author's limited ability, he is further handicapped by being compelled to sacrifice poetical fancy in some instances, in order to use the character's actual words as he used them.

Where the author has attempted to go into the realms of philosophy he has used things that have come under his actual observance or experience. Only occasionally has the writer resorted to poetical fancy.

282306

I waited with keen anticipation, but directly the handle was broken on the mallet, and the world fell about my ears. So ended the first request which I remember to have ever made. This was my first remembered disappointment.

I started to school at five years old. Within a few days thereafter I discovered a snake coiled on the step that led into the old-fashioned log school house. This excited me so much that I made some remark for which the teacher felt called upon to punish me. I remember distinctly that I was told by some of the older and wiser children that the law did not permit him to punish me, as I was not within the school age. So far as I remember, that is the first time I ever heard the law mentioned. I did not know what the law was expected to do with him for punishing me, but I felt that he should be promptly hanged or shot at sunrise. Nothing, however, happened, and that was the first time in life when I had occasion to observe that the law often failed to function. However, I have had occasion to observe this same failing in the law many times since.

In 1888, the year I was ten, my only brother and sister died. I was not an attractive child, red-headed and freckle-faced, I was fully conscious of this fact. I found my pleasures in the big woods, gathering "The first wild grapes that ripened in the autumn sunlight," gathering nuts and hunting. I had very little companionship.

When I was about fourteen years of age I attended a Teachers' Association at the little school house where all the people in the neighborhood assembled and car-

ried a basket dinner; where the teachers from the neighboring school districts were called together to discuss school problems; where the school Superintendent was supposed to attend. and did attend, and make the speech of the day. It was a wonderful speech made by the Superintendent on that occasion. I remember almost every word of it to this day. The subject was "The Power of the Human Will." He drew for his illustrations upon all the noble characters celebrated in Greek and Roman History. It was a revelation to me. And when Moses stood on Mt. Pisgah and looked over into the promised land he saw no more vividly than I the wo derful vista spread out before him. I wanted to learn more. By the sale of chestnuts, and the furs of wild animals that I caught, I purchased books of the lives of many of these great characters. I feasted upon them with avidity. Under a spreading beech tree, where the ground was covered with moss overlooking this beautiful river. I spent many. many days in an exalted state of mind, living with these ancient heroes, and having them for my daily companions.

I was often told by my stepmother during this period that I was the most worthless piece of humanity in the world; that I would never be worth the salt which I ate in my pound cake. I would be convinced that this prophecy was true if it were not for the fact that I had never and have never yet, so far as I know, eaten any pound cake.

In the fall of 1896 I made one of my many weekly trips to the post office six miles away, to secure the mail, if any, and to buy coal oil, which I carried in a

quart bottle with a string around it, and possibly some matches on occasions rare and such other little things as I might be able to carry. I saw posted upon the door a small poster which told of a wonderful school that would begin on the 17th day of January, 1897, in a village in an adjoining county, some thirty-five miles away. Near the bottom of this wonderful advertisement these words were stated: "If you have no money, come to see us. Possibly we can help you." I turned this matter over in my mind as I travelled the path through virgin forest on my way home. Upon arriving home I informed my father, who was the most noble character this world has ever seen, that I had determined in my mind to go to school, and told him what I had seen. He made no objection, but could furnish me no money. So, on the 16th day of January, 1897. I started afoot through the snow, carrying a grip which contained all my possessions, for this land of promise. After two days I arrived safely, with not one cent in my pocket and not a cent around anywhere.

I went directly to the principal of the school and told him what I hoped for and my condition. He did not flatter me any, but told me that he would credit me for tuition and that I might stay that night at his place, but he could not furnish me board. However, this did not discourage me greatly, and the next day, after some inquiry, I learned of a place a mile and a half in the country where I might be able to stay. The second night was pent there. I told them my condition, and these people said that I might stay with them for two dollars per week for board and lodging, including washing and mending, and pay them when I

could. I spent five months in this home and left at the close of school and went to Brownsville, the county seat of The Mammoth Cave county, to take the examination required in order to be permitted to teach school. During the entire five months I had $4.50 which was sent to me by my father about the middle of school.

An incident that illustrates the difficulty under which I labored occurred on the first morning of the school. We were informed by the teachers that the use of a slate and pencil would not be permitted, as they were unsanitary and their handling caused considerable noise. This was a calamity to me, since I had a slate and pencil, but had no lead pencil, and did not have a penny with which to buy one. You can readily see the difficulties that confronted me. But I overcame this difficulty in the following manner. At the recess hour I was standing talking with a group of other boys who were leaning against an old fence that surrounded the school yard. One of the boys present there had taught one school. He had in his hand a penny pencil, marking on the old fence. This gave me an idea. After he marked a while I reached over and took the pencil and proceeded to mark as he was marking until I thought he was not noticing. I then put the pencil in my pocket and walked away with it. He never knew for a year what became of his pencil, and would never have known except for the fact that I told him. Being then fully equipped, I started to work, and I am not exaggerating when I say I did good work, and, so far as I know, I have never been punished for taking that pencil. Possibly I should have been charged with petty

larceny and put in jail; but there is where the law in another instance failed to function.

I passed the examination and made the required certificate, taught my first school that fall, paid my debts in full and returned to the same place. I continued to attend school at the same place each year for a period of four years, teaching each fall. In June, 1900, I was admitted to the practice of law. On the first day of December, 1901, I was married to Emma Roberts, a girl from Grayson County, whom I had met at school. She was and is a wonderful girl, and for twenty eight years has made a wonderful wife. Time seems to have forgotten her. She looks almost as young and beautiful today as the day upon which we were married. Three boys were born to us, Rex, Billy and Ben. They are fine, husky youngsters, the two older being lawyers and the other is now 19 years old, and is in school.

The year I was eighteen I had my first sweetheart. My next was a girl in the beech woods, and the next was my wonderful wife. Of her you will read much in the little stories in rhyme that make up this book.

For twenty years after our marriage we lived in a quiet manner, during which time we were gradually building up our fortune. In the meantime I had served eight years as County Attorney in Edmonson county; I had held the office of Master Commissioner, the office of Examiner for County teachers and engaged in the general practice of the law. Eight years ago I was appointed by Governor Morrow Commonwealth's Attorney for the Eighth Judicial District, and at the

general election that fall I was elected to the same office which I filled for six years.

The last six years have been fruitful years. I have been fortunate beyond my wildest dreams. For one reason only I mention this fact, and that is to state that my fortune came to me as a result of my efforts in trying to help others, having no expectation at the time of making money. What the future holds in store for me I do not know, but I have been wonderfully fortunate and wonderfully blessed since the days of my childhood.

The little stories that follow are but the expressions of a glad heart that must sing, however awkwardly it may be done.

If this little book should give you any pleasure, or if from it you should gather one new thought, I will feel that I have been fully paid. To me it has been a source of delight, and though it may fail to reach the heart of any other person, even in that event and despite all that, I must say that I have been fully paid.

With loving care I send it out into the world, just for you, fully realizing its imperfections and the awkwardness of many of its expressions. Nevertheless, it comes from the heart, and possibly, for that reason, it may reach the hearts of others.

Yours very truly,
JOHN A. LOGAN.

MY TAPESTRY

Memory weaves from day to day
The threads of life, in wondrous way,
Into a tapestry, my own;
In which each thought and act is shown.

Thank God no other eyes can see
These pictures, woven just for me,
By memory's own magic hand,
Making for me a Fairy land

In which I wander at my will,
To which I steal when all is still,
And drink in this Elysian field
The sweetest draughts that life can yield!

So let me steal from time to time
Into this paradise of mine;
And let me see until the last
These pictures, woven of the past.

A TOAST TO COUNTRY LIFE

If you've never been 'coon huntin',
Or you've never set a trap,
Or you've never been a-fishin',
And there sat on Nature's lap;
If you've not smelled the wild grape's bloom
When its fragrance filled the air—
It just means you don't know nothin'
And ain't never been nowhere.

If you've not climbed the sarvis tree
That leaned out o'er the bluff,
Or you've never hunted ginseng
And could never find enough;
If you've never been in swimmin'
On the first warm day in May—
You are sure an ignoramus
And I don't care what you say.

If you've never hunted chestnuts
In the sweet October days,
Or seen the virgin forest old,
Through the Autumn's smoky haze;
If you've never wild grape hunted
With your sweetheart in the fall—
It means that you're just nothin'
And ain't never lived atall.

GOD LIVES IN KENTUCKY

God is good to Indiana
As a father to his child,
But He made our old Kentucky
And just looked at her and smiled.

Then He made the broad Ohio
Circle 'round this land so fair
As a mother hugs her baby
To her heart with tender care.

Yes, God went to Indiana
And He blessed each hill and glade;
But He came down to Kentucky,
And just sat down here and stayed.

Here He made Davis and Lincoln,
Destined each to play his part;
And a sacrifice so noble,
Healed a Nation's broken heart.

And George Rogers Clark He sent with
His Kentucky rifle band,
To release His Indiana
From the English tyrant's hand.

Then He sent old Davy Crockett
'Way out to the Alamo
And they made the State of Texas
Out of Northern Mexico.

Here He heard the call of Jackson
'Way down south at New Orleans,

And He sent Kentucky soldiers
Uniformed in home-made jeans.

When, because each one sought freedom,
War between the States was made,
To the South He sent Jeff Davis,
To the North old Honest Abe.

So the Lord sends from Kentucky
Just the man He wants to go,
Who will always do His bidding
Every time—Is it not so?

We believe our God will tell you,
Tho forever you may roam,
That the nearest place to Heaven
Is the "Old Kentucky Home."

It is just as clear as can be
That God loves and freely gives
To the other States His blessings;
But Kentucky's where He lives!

MOONSHINERS (?)

Away down deep in a cool shady glen
There was roasting one night a big fat hen
Before a fire that was burning quite hot
Under a still, or a moonshiner's pot.

And out from the bosom of Mother Earth
A lovely spring flowed that was never dearth,
To fall on the moss and the rocks below,
And run over stones, as springs ever go.

On the cliff's edge, where the sun ever shines,
There clustered around them the green spruce pines;
And there sheltered below from every gale
The ferns were all spread, like a bridal veil.

The full moon looked down with its yellow beams
On Edmonson's hills and her clear cold streams,
And the smile that was on her mellow face
Showed she loved dearly this beautiful place.

And here in this Paradise of joy
Sat Billy Duvall and his lanky boy;
And not a sound on that sweet night was heard
Save the lonesome cry of a small night-bird,

The cricket's low chirp and the whippoorwill,
And the great hoot owl from the top of the hill—
The fire continued to sparkle and burn;
The whiskey was caught in an old stone churn.

And there they sat; this night in June,
And listened to Nature's sweetest tune:
The falling of water into the dell,
Its drip in a pool like a silver bell;

The brook, as it gurgled and ran away,
Like two young lovers in innocent play;
The flow of the moonshine into the churn
Like holy water in a sacred urn.

But into this haven was creeping then
The serpent in form of "Volstead men";
The most bitter apple of durance vile
Was forced on Billy for a little while

'Til twelve of his peers, in the U. S. Court,
Said it was no crime, but a royal sport
In such a great place to sit there and think
Till the owner came to give him a drink.

So out they came quickly, in single file;
Their verdict was read in solemn style;
"Not Guilty!" they said, in a thunder tone;
And old Uncle Billy—he went back home.

THE SWAN SONG

They carried me out to the "Fair Hop",
The number was fifty and three;
They said it was Bowling Green's Hill Top;
They'd show all the world there to me.

The new moon, so distant and slender,
Looked down with its half-closed eye,
Saw many a look that was tender,
And many a sip that was sly.

Alas! I was forty and seven,
Twenty years out of my time;
So I was shut out of this heaven,
Yes, out of the Grand Marching Line.

Angels and Fairies aplenty
Were there, dressed in most every hue;
Now, if I had only been twenty,
I would have stepped out with a few.

Some of the dear lassies I saw there
Away back in nineteen and nine,
All dressed in their silks, and their bobbed hair,
Had marched in the Grand Marching Line.

Ye Gods, and also little fishes,
Now answer me this, if you can:
The female's as young as she wishes,
But what have you done for the man?

You've taken away from the gray head
Who wishes to act like a lad,
You, and the now famous Volstead,
The last little thing that he had!

Dedicated to Rodes K. Myers,
President 53d Annual Fair Hop,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

NOLYNN RIVER

Nolynn River, as all should know,
The finest stream is that could flow
Between great hills and rich flood plains,
Through Kyrock land, with mystic names.

The name, "Nolynn", some sages say,
From Indians came, in distant day;
Some say it came from Indian maid
Who, on its banks, played in the shade.

Some say it came from man named Lynn,
Who stole away through shady glen
And never more of him was heard—
And thus "Nolynn" became a word.

The name, throughout all history,
Has always been a mystery,
And ever more, as we have heard,
Will always be a mystic word.

The name "Kyrock" has mystic sound;
It stands for rock dug from the ground,
That builds a road like Rome's highway,
And lasts forever and a day.

Now, when the rolling world has heard
The meaning of this mystic word,
Its engineers will cease to knock,
And all will shout, "Kentucky Rock!"

A CROSS

Up the road, on a summer day,
Came Uncle Dock, then on his way
To Silent Grove, to make his peace
With God, for he could not quite cease
To drink, and swear, and tear his hair,
And stir up sand, at times most rare.

A pious man he'd always been,
While he had lived with better men;
But when in politics he mixed
His morals soon got badly fixed,
And to his church was forced to go
To confess, every month or so.

Republicans, were he and brats;
His brethren all were Democrats.
His sins did not hurt him the less,
Knowing to them he must confess.
A friend of his, just then, he spied,
In whom, he felt, he could confide.

And to this friend he said, in part,
"I go to church to ease my heart,
Confess my sins before all men,
Feeling that God will take me in;
But, friend, I'll say it hurts like h—l
To Democrats your sins to tell!"

REMINISCENCE

There he sat, the country lawyer.
Sturdy still, though gray his hair;
Drumming with his stubby fingers,
On the old, worn, court-house chair.

There beside him sat his partner,
They had fought through many a fray;
It was evening, and the shadows,
Showed the closing of the day.

"Alex, won't you come to see me?
I suggest a day in June,
When the hills are full of beauty
And all nature is in tune."

"Yes," said Alex, "But October
Always seemed the best to me
And the playground of your boyhood,
I would dearly love to see."

"Well, I'll take you to the forest,
To the uncut beech-tree grove,
Where I wandered with my sweetheart,
She was sure a treasure-trove."

There you saw a fleeting shadow
Cross his old and wrinkled face,
At the mention of the beech trees,
Of that ne'er-forgotten place.

Then, he spoke like measured heart-throbs,
Like a clock, that strikes full slow,

As his mind once more reverted
To that place, where beech trees grow.

"Still I see her as I left her,
Through the vista of the trees,
Sitting in the shifting shadows,
On a bed of yellow leaves."

THE MUSIC OF THE GODS

The Angels play on golden harps,
And Heaven's hosts are stirred,
But your soft voice is sweeter far,
Than Angels ever heard.

Oh, some would have eternal rest,
And some eternal day;
But I would have eternal bliss
Wherever you may stay.

Some people look for Paradise,
Some for a hunting ground;
Heaven, for me, is just the place
Wherever you are found.

Heaven, they say, has jasper walls
And streets all paved with gold,
But I'd prefer, that it should be
Within some forest old,

And with your head upon my breast,
Within some shady nook,
We'd hear the music of the gods
Played by the running brook.

DELUSIONS

A truant heart, that will not stay,
For it is always on its way
To that place in the distance seen,
That ever looks so cool and green.

They say that distance lends to view
Enchantments that are never true;
That distant fields that look so rare,
When seen up close will be found bare.

"That distant cattle have long horns,"
That common things take beauty's forms,
That things just out of reach, 'tis clear,
Become to us priceless and dear.

That if the things our hearts most crave,
The wheel of fortune to us gave,
We would soon think this gold was dross,
And then regard it as a cross.

Though reason may convince my mind,
My heart will always try to find,
That place, somewhere on Nature's breast,
So full of beauty it can rest.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
A beauty spot, that I can see,
Beyond just where the tree-tops wave—
It may be it's beyond the grave.

A TRIBUTE

When I see your face I think of Spring,
Of April's sun and showers;
I think I hear the Angels sing,
"That face is One of Ours."

When I see your face I think of Youth,
Of love's own month of May;
I think and feel a noble truth
That drives low thoughts away.

When I see your face I think of gems
That shine more bright than day;
I think of gentle, low, sweet hymns
We hear from far away.

When I see your face I think of love,
Of tenderness sublime;
I think with such an one above
To what heights might I climb.

NATURE'S COMPENSATION

All things on earth just counteract,
This you will find to be a fact;
And everything will compensate,
This seems to be the rule of fate.

The poor man has not much to eat
But walks upon his sturdy feet;
The rich man dines on viands rare,
But he must walk with tender care.

The rich man has his goodly stores,
But over them his mind still pores
After the poor man is in bed
With nothing bothering his head.

The wise man always has his doubts,
The ignorant man simply flouts
The things found puzzling the wise,
"It's thus and so," he always cries.

Observe the mind with greatest power,
It oftimes ponders by the hour,
And then it is not sure it's right,
But goes on searching for more light.

Observe the man of little wit,
They do not puzzle him a bit;
He answers quickly this or that,
He knows exactly where he's "at."

The Lord in making up His men
Two substances He did put in;
To some he gave the substance "Brass;"
It looked enough like brains to pass.

Now, who can say which one is best,
The man with "brass" oft beats the rest,
And goes through life tranquil and cool
And never knows he is a fool.

The wise man ponders all his life,
His mind is constantly in strife;
The fool goes on his way serene,
He knows not that he has not seen.

And so the Lord does compensate,
And all things does so regulate
It does not matter what they are,
All things in Earth are kept at par.

You are as happy in your state—
This is attended to by fate—
As any person on this earth,
No matter what his place or birth.

Now if you think this is not true,
This question I will ask of you,
What person did you ever see
That you think you would rather be?

DREAMS

Last night I had a wonder dream,
An Angel, dressed in golden sheen,
Came up and stood there by my side,
And said, "With you I'd gladly ride,

"Over the hills and far away,
I'll be with you the livelong day;
I'll cheer your heart with word and smile,
Take you to Heaven for a while."

The vision was so very fair,
My mind was free from even care,
My heart cried out in greatest glee
"See what the gods have sent to me.

"Out of the world just for a day,
I'll go with her and there I'll stay,
Though life has nothing more for me,
This vision I will ever see.

"All through the trials of the years,
Though I may shed most bitter tears,
The sunshine of one perfect day,
Will brighten up my weary way."

Oh, Life, you are the greatest fake;
You see I now am wide awake,
The sweetest things you have, it seems,
You give to us, only in dreams.

THE FAIRY

Yes, you are a little Fairy,
And I never thought to see
Such a perfect little lassie
Breathing the same air with me.

You were made of glowing sunshine,
And the songs that angels sing,
And the happy laugh of children
As they gaily play in spring.

I can hear the angels singing
In your voice so sweet and rare,
See the golden sunshine glowing
In your softly curling hair.

But alas, my little lassie
Must forever live apart,
For there can be found no lover
Who will ever have the heart

Just to ask an one so dainty
For her little hand so sweet;
And if you should say you loved one,
He would fall dead at your feet.

SPRING FEVER

The Spring is here
With its good cheer,
With April's sun and showers.
The children play
Through the whole day;
They run and hunt for flowers.

Now for a week
Just of the creek,
You've thought of its clear pools,
Of shady nooks,
And running brooks,
And dreamed of fish in schools.

The day is fine,
Your hook and line
You look for everywhere.
To cast a hook
Into the brook
Is sport beyond compare.

You tell your wife
That all your life,
You've worked most every day,
But now, O Joy;
You are a boy,
And feel it's time to play.

You dig some bait,
You can not wait,
You start in early morn;
You stay 'til late,
Nothing you ate,
And catch one perch forlorn.

Your feet are wet,
And where you set
Does not feel just right,
And if a bear
Was cooked right there,
You'd eat it ev'ry bite.

KYROCK LAND

If all the roads the world around,
Were made of Kyrock, nicely ground,
This world would be a lovely place
In which to run through life's great race,

And when we to the river came,
That's at the end of life's long lane,
We'd get right out of Charon's boat,
Across the river we would float,

And walk up to St. Peter's gate,
We would not long there have to wait.
St. Peter's voice you soon would hear—
"Your Book of Life is very clear,

Kentucky Rock has made your roads,
You have not stumbled with your loads,
Your clothes and shoes are very neat,
You will not mess the Golden Street;

Angel Gabriel, give him a harp,
You'll find he'll play it from the start,
His lips are used to sing a song,
As he drove quietly along

On Kyrock roads, on Earth below
Wherever he did chance to go.
He never had to curse and swear
When he just tried to get somewhere

His car moved on as if on wings.
Don't be surprised if now he sings,
Up here among this Angel Band,
Of sweet Nolynn and Kyrock Land."

INSTRUCTIONS TO A TENANT

Leave the wild fruit trees a growing
Round about the old home place;
It will help our Mother Nature
Keep a smile upon her face.

What will let life's sunshine trinkle
O'er our path so we can see,
And so warm and cheer the old place.
Like the "Spreading Chestnut Tree?"

Who has seen a fairer picture
Than its fruit burrs opened wide,
And there snuggled close together,
Three big chestnuts, side by side?

Men will try to draw attention
To themselves, but oftimes fail.
What of this great spreading chestnut?
Folks will make to it a trail.

For it has just what the world wants
In abundance, rich and rare,
Sleek and brown and glossy chestnuts,
And it has them all to spare.

Leave the hickory, and the walnut,
And the old persimmon tree,
And the wild grape for its perfume,
And the locust for the bee.

The squirrel loves the mulberry,
Be sure to leave it so;
And let the blackberries grow wild,
There is room for them to grow.

The sugar tree you leave also,
And elms for their shade,
And always let the white oaks grow,
And poplars in the glade.

The dogwood has a pretty flower
That blooms out in the Spring;
The red-bud and the hawthorn too,
Don't cut for any thing.

So clean the old place up, but leave
The things I mention here,
And add to them just anything
That has the power to cheer.

THE OLD, OLD STORY

My love, you are so very fair;
So glossy is your raven hair,
Your face so innocent and sweet,
It makes my heart just skip a beat;
For you to enter in the room.
You fill it with a sweet perfume,
A fragrance that is sweet and rare;
It is the perfume of your hair.

Your lips curve like a Cupid's bow,
They have the greatest power to throw
At every one a cupid's dart,
They have just sent one through my heart!
Your eyes are deep and clear and cool,
With changing lights like woodland pool;
Your cheeks are tinted like the rose,
That by the country road-side grow.

But let me only hear your voice;
It surely makes my heart rejoice.
It's like the music of the spheres,
And all sweet sounds a poet hears.
The sweetest birds that sing in May,
The sweetest tunes that lovers play,
And the sweet songs of the nightingale,
Compared to it, completely fail.

My Love, you see what's in my heart,
But I can never make a start
To tell you with my halting tongue,
For in your presence I am dumb,
But can you not, in some sweet way,
Hear all the secret word I pray,
And tell me with your eyes so true,
"That you have always loved me too?"

IT IS NOT THE PLACE, BUT WHO

They say that the Muse is a Fairy Queen
Who comes from a far off land—
But the sweetest Muse that I have seen
Is an outstretched, friendly hand.

They say that She whispers a message true
To those who have ears to hear,
But the greatest Muse that comes to you
Is a friend with words of cheer.

The sparkle of love in a friendly eye,
The touch of a friendly hand
Can paint for us all a deep blue sky,
And make us a fairyland.

The Muse may tell of distant things
Over and under the sea,
But the touch of the hand of a friend just brings
The Heavens right down to me.

They tell us the Muse will come by grace,
If you find the setting true;
The Muse to me is a smiling face.
It is not the place, but who.

THE SUNSHINE GIRL

You're a bundle of sunshine, nice and warm,
The dearest girl in human form;
The smiles that play on your own sweet face
Would warm the earth, in its coldest place.

If I were an In-di-an Es-ki-mo,
I'd steal you 'way to my house of snow,
There snug in the bed all hugged up tight,
I'd thank the Lord for the six-months night.

And when at the break of the six-months day,
I'd jump right up and begin to pray
The Gods to speed the circling sun,
And thank the Lord when the night begun.

And proud I'd be and "Chesty"—when
Doc Cook and Peary and Amundsen
Stopped awhile in the hut to warm their toes—
Of twelve little fat warm Eskimos.

LOUISVILLE FREE PUBLIC

SPRING TIME IN KENTUCKY

For to entertain the Angels
Riley would select the time,
When the corn is cut and in the shock
And frosted is the pumpkin vine.

That would do for Indiana
But for us across the line
Let 'em come to old Kentucky
When it is goose layin' time.

When the suckers are a showin'
And the dogwoods are in bloom,
When the redbud shows its banner,
And the songbirds are in tune.

When the young and tender bluegrass
Spreads for them a carpet green,
With their golden robes and slippers
Makes the perfect color scheme.

When our own Kentucky Maidens
Robed for Easter bright and fair
Make the perfect fitting playmates,
For these children of the air.

Place them on the backs of horses,
Where the redbird flits and sings,
Let them race across the meadows
They'll admit they need no wings

Talk about your corn and pumpkins
And spareribs and sausage meat
When it's Spring in Old Kentucky,
Who would ever want to eat!

JUST FOR YOU

O, we love you, Old Kentucky,
Not because your folks are true:
Yes, we love you, old Kentucky,
Not because your grass is blue;
Not for pungent pennyroyal
Or diversity of soil,
Not because you play by Hoyle—
But for you.

We would love you, Old Kentucky,
If your maidens were less fair;
We would love you, Old Kentucky,
If your moonshine was less rare;
Not because of mountains grand
Or for politicians bland;
Not because you have the sand—
But for you.

O, we love you, Old Kentucky,
Not because our tax is high;
Yes, we love you, Old Kentucky,
Not because of Rock and Rye;
Not because you are the hub
Of the famous Jockey Club,
That can run us a close rub—
But for you.

We would love you, Old Kentucky
Though you did not have a road;
Yes, we love you, Old Kentucky,
Though you tote a heavy load;
Still we answer "All is well,"
Why it is we cannot tell;
But we love you 'spite o'—well
Just for you.

CONFLICTING EMOTIONS

To the little church near Kyrock
Came the folks from far and wide,
From the rugged hilly country,
From the entire country-side.

For the souls of these good people
At this time were sorely tried,
As their sons each one enlisted
Or was torn from mother's side.

You could hear the boom of cannon
In the preacher's voice that day,
And the martial tread of millions,
As he bowed his head to pray.

For he thought that Woodrow Wilson
Was a superman, divine,
And that he might be mistaken
Never entered once his mind.

His assistant, Brother Davis,
Was a man in other plight,
For he thought that Woodrow Wilson
Could not ever once be right.

Near the closing of the service,
While the sobs yet filled the air,
The preacher said, like low thunder,
"Brother Davis, lead in prayer."

In a manner the most humble,
He had all his life been taught,
He began his supplications
In a voice with sorrow fraught.

"Oh, Lord God, who art in Heaven,
Look down on us from above,
On this broken-hearted people,
Who have nothing but Thy love.

"Let us not, in this, our anguish,
Forget that to us Thou gave
Jesus Christ, the most beloved,
That our souls might all be saved.

"Holy Father, we beseech Thee,
While our sons are far away,
Wilt Thou keep a tender watch-care
Over them from day to day.

"And, Oh God, we do entreat Thee,
While they fight in foreign land,
Wilt Thou not in mercy keep them
In the hollow of Thy hand.

"Gracious Lord, wilt Thou preserve them
Free from every wound and ill,
And to loving hearts return them,
If it's not against Thy will.

"Gracious Father, I entreat Thee
That some way Thou wilt devise

ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE—IN WINTER

To stay the hand of Woodrow Wilson,
Who is always so unwise."

"Or he'll rob the entire nation
Of our sons, and all he'll take;
Stop him, Father, before it is
Everlastingly too late."

Now the preacher, as was custom,
Surely judged and fitted in
At the place the most appropriate,
Loud and clear, a great "Amen",

Till he heard beloved Woodraw
Criticized in prayerful tone;
This, of course, he could not sanction,
So he answered with a groan!

TWIN DEVILS

Come here, good folks, and let us tell
Of twin devils not chained in Hell.
The worst two are the ones no doubt
Of whom I shall now tell about.

In spite of Christ's love here on earth,
They have yet flourished since his birth,
And many times in days gone by
They've blocked your path with evil eye.

And worlds of folks born in this place
Do find Hope's door closed in their face.
By one or both of this dread pair;
They go through life in great despair.

For these two imps, they close the door
To all good things life has in store.
When from great ills there is escape
They blind us and we call it Fate.

Now, if in Hell they could be chained,
Great peace on earth then would be claimed.
What are their names? Can you not see?
They're Ig-no-rance and Pov-er-ty.

KEEP SMILING

O say, pretty girl,
With your sunny curl,
Why the scowl on your face today?
If you only knew
How it injures you,
I'm sure you would chase it away.

Just look up and smile
For a little while,
This great world belongs to but few;
Candies and flowers
And most happy hours,—
Your lover will bring them to you.

Has your lover true,
Just made you so blue
By some thoughtless word he has spoke?
Just look up and smile
For just a short while;
He'll swear it was only a joke.

Has some saucy lass,
As she chanced to pass,
Said something to make you feel bad?
Just look up and laugh;
It will help by half,
You'll find it will make her more sad.

Just keep on your face
A smile in its place,
Your pleasure and joy it insures;
All others must work;
They never can shirk;
You laugh, and the world is all yours.

KYROCK'S MAUD MULLER

'Tis good to live, to take and give,
Just down our Kyrock way;
Soft balmy air the fair are there
Maud Mullers rake no hay.

For curling hair and ankles bare
None others can compare,
To those that show when soft winds blow.
On Kyrock maidens fair.

We know an one that's full of fun
Who lives on Woodside hill
And wide-awake she loves to take
Dad's dinner to the mill.

If Judge should pass this saucy lass
His horse's mane could go
Or she would say as if in play
"Judge, you are very slow."

If from her cup he took a sup
He'd be in fairy land.
Down on his knees he'd fall at ease
And beg her for her hand.

And on that day his horse away
He would not ride alone
But you would find her up behind
He'd place her on his throne.

When later on he hummed a song
In court or place elsewhere,
The lawyers all would take a fall
"The Judge is in the air."

And as he went she'd not lament
And think what she might be,
But by his side she'd be his bride
As all the world could see.

The lawyer bums with brassy lungs
Might talk their lives away,
The Judge right there would sit and stare
And not care what they say.

And Maud would get for her own set
The coat and toy and boat.
And buy their hash with the hard cash
The judge would be the goat.

And now and then when in his den
The Judge with smile most nice,
Says to himself "It costs some pelf,
But it is worth the price.

Now of sad words that you have heard,
"You could have if you would."
Take it from me, it's best you see
To get 'em when you could.

THE PASSING

When I know the years are passing
Swift as eagles through the air,
When I know my end is coming
Not far distantly, somewhere;

When my heart is made to shudder
At the end not far away;
Much I wonder how I'll meet it,
Just how bad I'll want to stay.

Will our Mother Nature kindly
Prepare us and fix it so,
That when we have filled her purpose,
We will not care much to go?

It appears that Mother Nature
Makes it pleasant for us all
To perform each little service
At her slightest wish and call.

Can it be that death will find us
Just as ready to obey
This last call of Mother Nature,
When she sends us on our way?

When she brought us into being,
Did she place within our heart
This keen fear of death within us,
So we'd stay and do our part?

Will the hand that so prepared us,
Made us glad to be her slave,
Take away the sting of passing,
As she takes back what she gave?

I will trust our Mother Nature
To prepare a way that's kind,
To remove this mortal body,
Though you may say it is blind.

Has it not been said by some one,
With a mind and heart to cheer,
That we found upon arrival
A fond loving mother here?

And the hand that so provided
For us in our tender years,
Will not leave us in our passing
Desolate and full of fears.

CALIFORNIA'S BEST

She came from out the far off West,
Where the Sun goes down to sleep,
Out of the golden glim'ring West,
Where the lands and oceans meet.

Where ripples kiss the "Golden Gate,"
Where the "Sunkissed" fruit is grown,
Where "Forty-Niners" long ago
Found gold, in every stone.

Her hair is made of brown sea-weed,
Her teeth of the white sea-foam,
The tints of the peach and apple bloom
In her cheeks, have found their home.

The soft sea ripples in her hair,
With her coral lips apart,
The glowing sunshine's in her face,
And the gold is in her heart.

It was a lovely day in May,
When the girl from far out West,
Brought, in the nicest, sweetest way,
All of California's best.

THE PUBLIC SPRING

In Scottsville town there's a big bold spring,
Where its been forever and aye,
And if it could talk, did you ever think,
What wonderful things it could say?

It flows over rocks, and runs over stones,
In its long journey to the sea,
Though it has no words, it sings a song,
Understood by you and by me.

It tells us a tale of the ages past.
Of the time when the Earth was young,
How the Dinosaur, and the Mastodon,
Made paths down to moisten their tongue.

It tells how the wandering Indian brave,
From the warpath wounded sore,
Decided to bring to this beautiful spot,
His young bride and wander no more.

And how their two children played on its banks,
Just a little red lad and a maid,
It tells how the lad made his first deer hunt,
How he sat with his bow, in the shade.

It tells how the little dark Indian maid,
On a bed made of leaves there sat,
Out of ferns and rushes and tender reeds,
Her slender brown hands made a mat.

It tells how the panther hid in the trees,
And stayed 'til the fawn came to drink,
And how, like a flash, carried it away,
Before it had time for to think.

How the pioneer hunter with his gun,
Long years thereafter chanced to pass,
He thought what a beautiful home this will make
For me, and my Anglo-saxon lass.

So back he went to Old Virginia state,
And brought his fair curly-haired maid,
And there just above this big bold spring,
He built them a home in the shade.

And once again by the spring, children played,
A little white boy and a lass,
They paddled their feet in its sparkling pools,
That looked just as clear as glass.

And now for a hundred years or more,
For the great Anglo-saxon race,
That big spring has been a source of joy,
In civilizations's swift pace.

And there has many a manly lad,
Often gone with his first sweetheart,
And there on its banks, in the welcome shade,
They have vowed they would never part.

And there on its banks, in the long years gone,
Many tragedies have occurred,
Of many we know, of many we think,
But of lots we have never heard.

Now just all the things that may happen here,
As the time goes on its long way,
Of loving, and hating, and tragedy,
Only the Lord alone can say.

A FATAL ERROR

Do you hear the great bell tolling?
It's the Butler Circuit Court,
And by all the country people,
It's considered royal sport,

To attend this august body;
And they hustle with some speed,
To see Justice demonstrated,
And to hear great lawyers plead.

Now the dean of all the lawyers,
He was Brownsville's Captain Pat,
Grand he was, when first he entered,
And hung up his, "Bee Gum Hat."

The Commonwealth vs John Doeson
Was the first case called that day,
Are you ready, Learned Counsel?
What do you good lawyers say?

We are ready, Please Your Honor
Let the jury then be sworn,
Then the State produced its witness
And her name was Sally Dorn.

There she told how the defendant,
Had, on Huckleberry Hill,
Seized upon her with great roughness,
And held on against her will.

Now the law of ancient wisdom,
At this time, we know not why,
A defendant, charged so gravely,
Could not swear or testify.

So Pat brought in all his neighbors,
Who had known John from his youth,
And they proved his reputation,
To be good for law and truth.

And at last Esquire Benediction,
Was placed on the witness stand,
And he swore he'd known John Doeson
And from youth had held his hand.

And he said that all his lifetime,
John had spoken perfect truth,
And had been most law-abiding,
From the days of tender youth.

Now the Esquire was so delightful
To the famous Captain Pat,
That he thought it would be error,
For the Esquire to go at that.

So without deliberation,
This one question more he asked,
Courting once again disaster,
By inquiring of the past:

"Squire, please tell us, if in lifetime
You have ever before heard,

Of the name of this defendant
Injured by a single word?''

''Well, I've hearn, by some one spoken,
To my mind your question fotch,
That he chased another woman,
Her, they say, he never cotch !''

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

There is always something down inside of you,
That is trying to tell what you should not do.
You will hear it tapping. Listen to it well.
It will seldom fool you, and the truth it will tell.

If a "friend" comes to you with a little bank note
And you feel at the time a tightening of the throat,
And deep down in your heart is a slight little fear,
Do nothing then until your mind is fully clear.

When a man comes to you with a cute little scheme,
That he has figured out while he was in a dream,
To make a vast amount of cash and worldly wealth,
Just wait until you can get a hold on yourself.

If there is in your mind yet still a little doubt,
And there is fear in you that will not quite come out,
That's the time to go slow, I am now telling you,
You wait until you know just what you want to do.

Most all the things in life as you go its weary way,
You think of pro. and con., and don't know what to say.
That's the time to wait, give your mind time to clear.
And if it is quite right, there will be no fear.

If I should undertake to write a good safe rule,
To give to all good folks who want to go to school,
I know no better one for use by me or you,
"Do nothing 'til you're sure just what you want to do."

In everything in life of which you have a doubt,
Don't do it, is the rule, and you will find it out.
Don't ever do a single thing until your mind is clear
It is the things you do do that make you shed a tear.

It's not what you don't do that makes you lose your job
It's something that you do do, that makes you hop the clod.
Now, when your mind is clear, go after it with pep.
But when you are in doubt, don't move a single step.

If you will keep this rule, you may not become great,
But you will always find the food upon your plate.

THE BREAKING POINT

In almost every human soul
    There is, somewhere, a breaking point;
And if the strain is made too great
    It will, most times, come out of joint.

You gaze with admiration on
    A princely, god-like man so smart,
And can not think that he is then
    A thing just made for tailor's art.

But just a little circumstance
    Will show us on most every day,
That this great and God-like creature
    Has feet just made of common clay.

And when you dun him for a debt,
    He has not then the cash to pay,
"I do not owe you anything,"
    He will, just then, quite often say.

I never bought that pot from you,
    Or if I did I paid that day,
Or if I didn't the thing was cracked,
    And it was no good, anyway.

Now if he'd only had the means,
    He wou'd not have acted so rash,
But would have gone down in his jeans
    And planked out all the good hard cash.

Now prohibition has brought out,
In making its heroic fight,
Some weak spots that are found in men
And shown them up in a sad plight.

When they are placed on witness stand,
And raise their hand toward the skies,
The questions asked them in the Court,
Have made them swear a thousand lies.

And when their kin have got in bad,
It makes you feel so very sad,
To hear them tell unlikely tales
To keep them out of county jails.

And when you've had a chance to learn
On every opportunity,
This weakness so quite often shown,
You pray God grant immunity.

Let charity now cover all,
If you don't want men's souls to break,
Remember to be careful that
The pressure must not be too great.

UP ON THE HEIGHTS

The atmosphere is thin and rare
Of sunshine there is none to spare.
My heart would there be full of care—
Up on the heights.

It is the home of those with gold,
Those to the manor born of old,
I'd be shut out there in the cold
Up on the heights.

So let my home be with the poor,
They always have an open door.
They warm your heart plumb to the core
Down off the heights.

It was with them that I was bred
And at their table I was fed,
So let me live with them instead
Of on the heights.

AT THE CHURCH

Old uncle Pace went out to church
To make his peace with God.
He dressed himself in Sunday best,
And rode "Old Lightning Rod."

He wore his collar up-side-down,
His shirt wrong-side before,
And while the preacher said his say,
He would sit there and snore.

An "Effort Meeting" for two weeks,
Was in a mighty swing;
The preacher spoke with fervid zeal,
The people all did sing.

"Glorious Church without a spot
Or wrinkle anywhere",
Was the song that stirred the people
In way beyond compare.

Then up rose Uncle Johnnie,
He stood there lank and slim,
He said he thought he soon would go
To New Je-ru-sa-lem.

"And when I've passed to the Beyond,
I feel it won't be long,
Please promise, at my funeral
To be, and sing that song."

A solemn stillness then befell
On these good folks that day;
For who would live no one could tell,
And no one cared to say.

Then Uncle Pace rose slowly up,
His hair was gray and long,
He said "I am no singer,
And I do not know the song."

"But if that song is in my book,
I make this promise true,
That I will try to learn it
And sing that song for you."

Then Uncle Johnnie jumped right up,
And he caused quite a stir;
I'll let you know that you may die
Before I do, kind sir."

"If that's the case," said Uncle Pace,
"I hope it may be long;
And then if you should win the race
Dead men can't sing a song."

THE CREED OF BROWNSVILLE

This eddy in life's mighty flow,
In life's great sea so wide—
A harbor that is safe, we know,
We say, "Just Let Her Glide!"

While others fight their battles royal,
We just sit here and dream,
And while they strive and sweat and toil,
We fish along the stream.

We wonder what it's all about,
This din and fuss and strife,
And when we land another trout,
We say, "Of Such Is Life!"

We watch the world as 'round it speeds,
And say, "Why should we care?
We have a plenty for our needs,
And quite a bit to spare!"

A COMPLEX (?)

I am feeling sort o' lazy,
I don't want to go to school;
And my mind, its sort o' hazy,
And I wish that it was cool.

There's a sort o' soothing something
In the thought of shady nooks,
And it sets my heart to jumping
When I think how Johnny looks.

So I went to see the M. D.
He just ruffled up my hair
And he said "My little lady,
You need never have a care;"

Some would call it boy complex,
A complaint that is not rare.
But I think it is a reflex
From the soft warm springtime air."

EDMONSON

A hundred years ago and more
They tell us in our local lore,
A bunch of sturdy men came down
And here established Brownsville town.

Of Warren, Grayson and of Hart,
The Legislature took that part
That neither of them cared to own,
These pieces were together thrown.

So Edmonson they say was made,
With little to it save its shade,
Its woods and hills and clear cold streams,
And people with romantic dreams.

The outside folks in better state,
Looked calmly on and said we'll wait
That Edmonson will always be
A synonym for poverty.

Now Mother Nature slowly smiled
Knowing to this, her favored child
Two wonders of the earth she gave,
Kentucky Rock and Mammoth Cave.

This country had a great appeal
To all who in their hearts did feel,
A longing for the hunter's chase,
The arduous and merry race.

So out from old Virginia state,
They hurried on, they could not wait.
The good, the bad, the ne'er-do-well,
In Edmonson their children dwell.

Some were descendants of the Great,
Some were pressed down by hand of fate,
Some had escaped from bars and chains,
And some there came who had no names.

The bluebloods here became less blue,
And loving hearts became more true.
The felons soon forgot their cells,
The nameless made names for themselves.

The high and low in this great spot,
Were now in Nature's melting pot.
The mill of God now started in
To grind out Nature's noble men.

Now for a hundred years and more,
He has ground out full many score.
And Edmonson has always been,
Quite famous for producing men.

Our ancestors loved not the plow,
But they contrived in way somehow
With axe and saw and their keen eye,
To make a living and get by.

They've always spurned to hop the clod.
They've ever been the wards of God.

And not a doubt in their great heart,
That God would always take their part.

In all this land, there is no fake,
Tho some a living they did make,
Beside their springs and running rills,
By operating moonshine stills.

And we believe that God's own hand
Is spreading over this fair land.
And that He is in full accord,
With the doings of His ward.

It is our hope someday to hear
His welcome plaudit loud and clear.
"You've served the world in way complete,
You've always gone on willing feet."

"Enter now into thy reward.
You've not lived in complete accord,
With all My laws, but I forgive
Much of all folks who try to live"

"For benefit of other men,
It atones for a little sin.
You've had to play a heavy part
I now will take you to my heart."

UNCLE TOM

Uncle Tom lived in a hole in the ground.
He dug in the side of a hill he had found.
Unknown to the owner he there moved his brood,
And raccoons and possums were chiefly their food.

At eighty one years old, so ran the report,
He left his old home farm to keep out of court
And wandered away to Butler's green hills
And suffered a lot with the ague and the chills.

He brought a young wife and four little brats,
Three hounds and a cur dog and two yellow cats,
Some ragged old quilts and a skillet and pot,
And just on their backs they carried the lot.

And there in the hillside he dug them a nest,
With a pillow of earth they lay down to rest,
And up from their bed just made of the clay,
They all scrambled out at the break of the day.

The wife, she would wash for the people around,
And go back at night to her home in the ground.
While Uncle Tom worked with his axe and his hoe,
The dogs and the children did nothing but grow.

The dogs all became good coon hunters at last,
Their scent it was true, and their trailing was fast.
They soon filled the larder with rich juicy meat
And Uncle Tom's family had plenty to eat.

He worked every day and of Sundays as well,
And never a day of the week could he tell.
His pants were all patched in most every shade,
No person could tell of what goods they were made.

He cleared him four acres of ground on the hill,
And only his hoe was his tool for to till.

With never a fence there to keep out the stock,
And surely he never had needed a lock.

Such crops as he grew there you never did see,
His honey he got from the wild bee tree.
And ginseng in summer bought calicoes bright,
And coonskins in winter was an inspiring sight.

To a red headed boy who lived o'er the way,
Who with Uncle Tom hunted many a day,
In tracking the coon through the snow and the sleet,
With scarcely no clothes or shoes on his feet.

They chopped down the coon trees ever so thick,
The boy held the dogs while he chopped the last lick.
When down fell the tree, through the forest's gloom,
Away sprang the dogs to their fight with the coon.

And when at the close of a most perfect day,
They each plodded homeward their weary way,
Uncle Tom with the fruits of the hunt on his back,
And the boy was stepping each time in his track.

This boy wondered if now pretty soon,
If he would be given a big fat coon,
Provision at the home of them both was rare,
And Uncle Tom then had but little to spare.

But now when they came to the forks of the road,
Down on the ground Uncle Tom dumped his load.
Here are your two coons now he said to the lad,
And he gave to the boy one half that he had.

No wonder he prospered despite he was old,
His heart, it was made of the purest of gold.
He built him a house in the light of the day,
In sunshine and flowers his children did play.

And I often wonder if the prayers of a boy,
Can bring to an old man a measure of joy.
Uncle Tom has passed to his happy hunting ground,
I pray and believe sweet rest he has found.

THE CAT FIGHT

In the little town of Brownsville,
Once there was an old hotel
Kept by Uncle Billy Dicus;
All the lawyers knew it well.

Thin the walls, and scant the comfort
He provided for his guest;
But when you have heard this story,
You will say he did his best.

A long, yellow, ancient duster,
Served him as a robe complete,
As he went to his guest's chamber
Each night, before he went to sleep.

And his heart was so delighted,
When upon occasions rare,
Foreign lawyers claimed his bounty
And partook of his scant fare.

And when Senator Webb Wright came,
It sure filled his heart with glee,
And that he had every comfort,
He determined then to see.

When the Senator informed him
Of a terrible cat fight,

That took place in the hallway,
At some hour of the night,

He expressed great consternation,
That cats in his house should creep—
Said that it should no more happen
To disturb his peaceful sleep.

"Dicus, I was not complaining,
It was a mere incident,
And that I was not annoyed,
You may feel quite confident."

On the next night came in Dicus,
And upon the floor he sat,
And from each of his big pockets,
He produced a great house-cat.

And beneath his arm he tucked them,
While the cats did scratch and whine;
And from a small inside pocket,
He produced some turpentine.

And with vigilance applied it,
'Spite of all their squalls and spits;
And when he at last released them,
You may say that they had fits.

"Now," said Uncle Billy Dicus,
"You'll be busy for tonight!
And my guests, you will not bother
With a little friendly fight."

HEROES

You may talk to me of heroes,
Of great Bonaparte and Clay,
But they can not hold a candle,
To a pair down our way.

While their home is but a cabin,
And they are not much to see,
Yet, that they are Nature's heroes,
Is quite plain to you and me.

He is gray and small and withered,
Stubby whiskers on his chin;
But the Book of Life will show him—
One of Nature's noblemen.

And the other, Old Aunt Siny,
Forty years his faithful wife,
For the benefit of others,
She's a living sacrifice.

I am sure that in their lifetime
They've not dreamed that they were great;
All that Nature ever taught them,
Was to labor and to wait.

Lovingly they've worked together,
Not a moment could they fool,
Just to feed their fourteen children,
And to keep them all in school.

Just how much they have accomplished,
Added to this great Life Store,
You must wait awhile to judge them—
For a thousand years, or more.

For the busts of their descendants,
May be placed in Halls of Fame,
And there stand, a lasting tribute,
To the glory of their name.

For the lives they've set in motion,
As they go on through Life's Great Hall,
"Will go marching down the ages"
'Til Gabriel blows his Bugle Call.

ECHOES FROM SAND CAVE

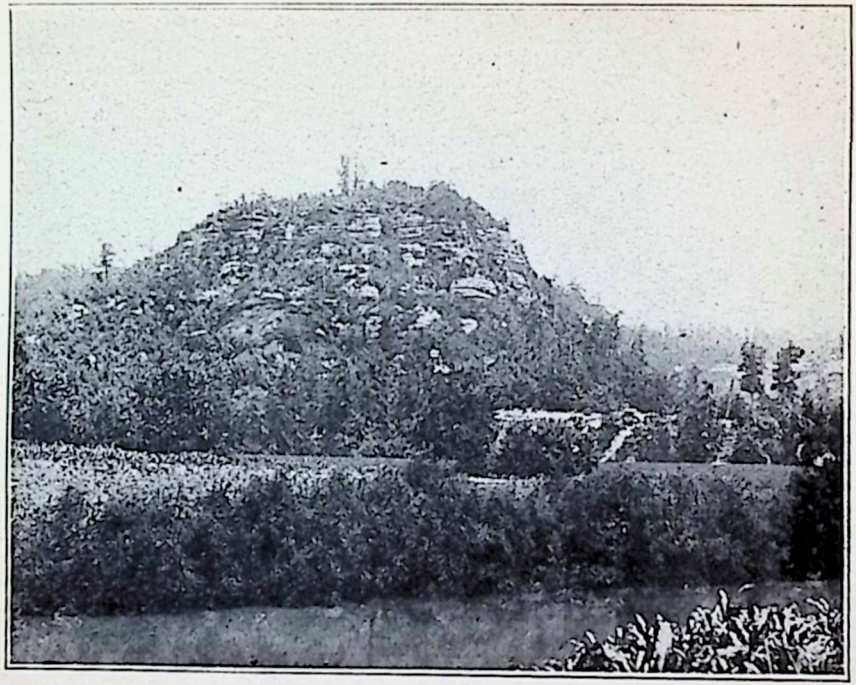
All the world is in a nightmare,
Because a man just tried to creep
Through the bowels of the Earth's crust,
And there he found his last long sleep.

In the narrow slimy passage,
Of this most awful sandstone cave,
He by one foot was so fastened,
His life the whole world could not save.

All the wealth of this great nation
Was placed then at his sole command,
But with it all, he could not move
A small like stone, just made of sand.

And the heroes of the country
Gathered there from far and wide;
But despite their noble efforts,
He remained, and there he died.

Through the countless awful hours
This great nation held its breath,
Pouring out its golden treasure
To prevent this poor man's death.



WHISTLING MOUNTAIN

Now the sympathetic system
Of the world has been so wrung,
The amount of human suffering,
Cannot be told by human tongue.

This poor man of humble station,
With his courage and fortitude,
Could by speaking one short sentence,
Fill the world with gratitude.

Yet the wise out of this Nation,
Say that we think of wealth alone,
But could they just feel our heart-throbs,
They would speak in different tone.

Could they hear from station broadcast,
The prayers now in the Nation's heart
For a lone man in a cavern,
They would no longer take a part

In unfriendly criticism
Of our frenzied strife for gain;
They would see it all as we do—
Just a great contested game

THE BALANCE OF LIFE

The strangest of all things
Of which you can but think,
Is how Mother Nature
Keeps away from the brink.

How she just balances
Our sorrow and our joy,
And how she can provide,
A girl for every boy.

Did you ever notice,
In traveling somewhere
The tree that's injured most,
The more fruit it will bear?

It is because it feels
In its unconscious heart,
The keen fear of death,
And is doing its part

To re-pro-duce itself
While there is yet time,
And produce other trees,
And so prolong its line.

And neither trees or men,
With great vitality,
Are very much concerned
With their posterity,

But let the chill of death
But faintly threaten them,
Then Nature shows it up
As with a diadem.

And I believe, in folks,
That Nature will provide,
For It, a boy or girl,
To strengthen the weak side.

And when a child's begot,
In Nature's wisest mind,
The one that's nearest death
Will reproduce its kind.

It is Nature's wise way,
In this world full of strife,
In all things to keep up
The balance in Its life.

THE SPIDER

Did you ever see, when you were a boy,
Some time when at work, or when at your play,
A great big spider with an egg on her back,
Run across your path, as you went your way?

In a little while, if you had returned,
You would have found her, and there you would learn,
That she had not strayed, her purpose in life;
The raising of spiders was her chief concern.

The egg, it had hatched, and out of it came
A million young spiders, and on her they clung
In a solid mass, conforming to her;
She looked like a spider as big as your thumb.

Wherever she went she took them along,
And off of her body they did all sup,
For days and for weeks and all of the time,
Until they had eaten her body clean up.

A lesson from Nature in this you can see,
And it applies surely to you and to me,
To spiders and men, juicy fruits and corn
Our substance must go to those of us born.

The juice of the fruit, the starch of the corn,
And all things that taste so good to our tongue
Was placed there by Nature and stored away,
And nicely sealed up as food for its young.

Now when your children draw on you so hard,
That you just think they will pull you apart,
You can just cheer up, the worst's yet to come,
They will eat you up, so made from the start.

And if you should try this law to evade,
The water you'll find so deep you can't wade;
So console yourself, it is Nature's way,
In the game of life that we all must play.

CASTING OUT DEVILS

The greatest hindrance on this earth,
You encounter after your birth,
To escape him there is no chance,
A devil we call "Ig-no-rance."

You undertake to provide schools,
To keep us all from being fools;
This "Ig-no-rance" raises a shout,
"You'll get in debt and can't get out."

If for all men you would provide,
To help them on most every side,
This devil cries in greatest glee,
"Our youngest child will never see

This debt paid off of you and me,
And all our lives will taxes be
Levied on us, and ever set
Upon our backs to pay this debt."

If to build roads you undertake,
This devil will be found awake,

Shouting at the top of his voice,
"Stop him, boys, and let's rejoice."

And while we go from day to day,
You'll hear him talk his usual way,
As we pull through the mud and cold,
"The money would have all been stold."

And if for Christ you bare your soul,
To save the folks is your great goal,
This devil as he hawks to spit,
Says, "Look Out! He's a hypocrite!"

An officer we have that's true,
Who works all day his part to do,
With his task, is doing his best—
You'll hear "He's feathering his nest!"

And so on through life, as we go,
It seems it will ever be so,
Though in right's fight be we most wise,
"Ig-no-rance" will still criticise.

This truth is shown in Holy Writ,
When these devils are told to quit
Their favorite place, and stay out,
They always leave with curse and shout.

PUNCTURED

All the people were at Red Hill,
It was in election week,
At this place they had assembled,
To hear Moss, the great Judge speak.

Mighty was his learned discourse;
As his speech got in full sway
And he said that Theodore Roosevelt
Should most always have his way.

And he told these simple people,
That since first the world began,
Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest
God had made of mortal man.

And he told them they'd be happy,
Every woman, child and man,
If they'd go to the election,
And vote there, Republican.

In his mighty peroration
To such dizzy heights he climbed,
In his heart he was quite certain
That all hearts with his had chimed.

Down in front sat Grandma Gravel,
Looking as though in a trance,
While she chewed on her tobacco,
It was a mere circumstance.

She was dressed in homely cotton,
With her bonnet filled with slat,
With a circle quite around her,
Where occasion'lly she spat.

Slowly the great Judge descended
From the speaker's little stand,
And with gentleness exquisite,
Took her old and withered hand.

"Grandma, did you like the speaking?"
Said the Judge, as he bent lower.
Grandma said: "Well I've hearn better,"
As she spat upon the floor.

LITTLE JOHN A. JUNE

"It is too late
To try to make
A boy when he is born;"
The hand of Fate
Has fixed his state,
In Grand Dad's early morn.

You try so hard
To make a bard
Of Little John A. June,
His thoughts innate
Were fixed by Fate,
When Grand Dad caught the 'coon.

If this is true,
It makes you blue,
You say "It is too bad!—
The things you do,
Will honor you
When he is a Grand Dad.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES

Uncle Johnnie Huff lived in Kyrock land.
He had grown quite old, but he had some sand;
He took a new wife, named Drusilly Key,
He thought at the time quite happy he'd be.

His junior she was, forty years or more,
But she would not do the least little chore.
Her failure to strain the milk of the cow
Brought on, it was said, a big family row.

They had a big fight, so ran the report,
And Uncle John Huff was brought into court;
He there took the stand, and was gently told
In his own good way his woes to unfold.

And there in the Court to twelve of his peers,
He told his sad tale to most friendly ears;

That 'til his first wife went to her reward,
She strained all the milk without a discord.

For two solid hours, Drusilly, he said,
Left the milk unstrained, while she lay in bed;
"And I said to her, in as mild a way
As I ever speak—As I always say,

"Now Drusilly Key, just why in the —l
Don't you strain that milk, I want you to tell?"
Drusilly fired up and threatened a suit,
And I piled her on some dried apple fruit.

"And I stopped her mouth with a small bean poke,
And held her there tight 'til she yelled, "Calf Rope."
The jury retired in its usual way,
Then they came back out and had this to say:

"Not guilty as charged, and it is quite plain,
The duty of wives the milk for to strain,
In reasonable time, we furthermore say
In fifteen minutes, and put it away."

THE INVITATION

We'll be lookin' and a-list'nin'
For the call upon the wire,
And its clickup, clackup, clickup,
Will be music of the Lyre.

It will say our friends are cumin'
From Old Indiana State,
'Pears to us the time is draggin'
And we can not hardly wait.

If it's daytime when you get here,
All the doors are open wide;
And if night, you'll find the latch-string,
Hangin' down on the outside.

Walk right in, no use o' knockin'
If we're busy with the chores,
If you see a thing and like it,
Take it, what we have is "yours."

Sit right down there to the table,
Never botherin' to call,
Reach and get the things you like best,
Yes, and take them nearly all.

From your mind will fade the mem'ry
Of the Anti-Leaguers talk,
And the other things unpleasant,
Will take up their beds and walk.

For, 'way down in Old Kentucky,
We have learned to take and give,
And we've got to love our neighbor,
If we want to truly live.

A QUANDARY

On the front of a drug store
In our Brownsville town,
Advertisements were posted,
From the top, clean down.

And among all the rest
That greeted the eye,
One was signed by a man
Who was not much shy,

That told all the people
Who wanted to seek,
Of a purse he had lost,
Somewhere in the street;

Containing some silver
Some change and bills;
And the most prized of all
Was a little box of pills.

The one that should find it
Should keep for reward,
All money there was in it
With his free accord.

But the little box of pills
Was a treasure so great,
It must surely be returned
For the owner to take.

And down near the bottom of
This cute little game,
It was signed "R. U. Billious"
So placed for his name;

At this time our county Judge
Strolled slowly by,
When this strange advertisement
Attracted his eye.

With painstaking interest,
He spelled out the words;
Such a wonderful story,
He never had heard.

With due deliberation,
He then turned his head—
And with judicial sentences,
This is what he said.

"Here in Edmonson County,
I've lived all my life;
I know all the people,
Each man and his wife,

"His name is familiar
I know good and well
But who is R. U. Billious?
I want some one to tell."

A TRAGEDY

John Dobson owned a noble dog,
Thick and soft was his fine hair;
When boys went to the swimming hole,
You'd find Rover always there.

And in idle hours they taught him
Many cute and cunning tricks,
And among those most delightful
Was the one, to swim for sticks.

Farmer Dobson once decided
That to get some fish he'd try,
And he would bring home the bacon,
Or he'd know the reason why.

So his lines and poles provided,
And for fear they would not bite
He slipped into his pants pockets
A few sticks of dynamite.

So down to the creek he started,
In his heart there was a song,
And behind him, good old Rover
Trotted quietly along.

On the bank he took his station,
And soon found a long straight stick,
And with slow deliberation,
Dynamite to it did fix.

Now the fuse he quickly lighted,
Then with wide and gentle sweep,
Threw the mighty sparkling missive
To the middle of the creek.

Now, Old Rover standing by him,
Saw it as it left his hand,
And at once he sprang and seized it,
Started swimming to the land.

Farmer Dobson froze with horror,
And with fright his blood congealed,
With a scream, of "Go back Rover!"
Started out through the cornfield.

Now Old Rover saw his Master
Running like a man insane
And no doubt at all he thought it
A part of the funny game.

"Go back, Rover, Lord have Mercy!
Won't that fool dog ever stop?
Go back Rover, good dog drop it!
God, I am about to flop."

On came Rover, most delighted,
Until you heard an awful roar;
Farmer Dobson fell exhausted—
Good Old Rover was no more.

UNCLE BILL TALKING TO A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE NATIONAL PARK COMMISSION

I've been living in Kentucky for my three score years and ten
On the banks of Nolynn River where Balou Creek enters in.
At the foot of Whistlin' Mountain underneath its hanging cliffs,
Where you see the sun at midday shining through the spruce pines rifts.

Yes, it's pretty in October and in fact the whole year through
Sycamores and oaks and maples, pines so green they're almost blue.
Yes, the boys now all have left me, had to go as you might say
Since the days of prohibition, Volstead men chased them away.

You ask me how I've made a living, well it must have been God's will,
Aided by these narrow bottoms, and my gun and moonshine still.
I remember when the timber all about was full of deer
And the turkey gobbler's gobble always filled your heart with cheer.

Do you see that great cliff yonder looking down to Second Creek?

It is known in all this country, since that night as the
"Deer Leap".
I remember when we jumped him just ferninst Pete
Kaizey's Mill
And with frightened leaps he bounded up along old
Balou Hill.

Out toward the point we chased him, must have had an
awful scare
For he never checked or halted, sprang two hundred
feet in air.
Lit right spang in Nolynn River, never lost a single hair
Swam across and left forever, funny, but I didn't care.

Yes I'll have to go and leave it, for I can no longer plow,
All the game has left the forest, and I cannot live here
now.
Have to go to West Virginia, where the boys have gone
to stay.
It will break my heart to leave here, but I see no other
way.

I've heard tell of all your progress, and the good things
yet in store.
'Pears to me we've progressed backward, for these fif-
ty years or more.
Seems to me the boys don't see it, they prefer the
mountain trail,
But I'd liefer hang around here, though I had to stay in
jail.

Well, yes stranger, you can have it, for to make a Na-
tion's park,
And so long as you may keep it, you will also have my
heart.
Maybe Uncle Sam and Nature can restore it back some
day,
But I'll never live to see, I must soon be on my way.

WEALTH

Wealth is the thing of which we dream,
That mirage with its golden sheen,
We see afar with mental eye
From youth until the day we die.

The young, the old, the middle age,
The wise, the foolish and the sage,
Poets, philosophers, and all,
They give ear to its siren call.

Ulyssesses may stop their ears,
The saints implore us with their tears,
The wise may say "There Dangers Lie."
Our hearts for it will ever cry.

The roots of evil we are told,
Do find their beds deep down in gold.
Its siren songs no less appeal
A longing for it we all feel.

The root of evil it may be
The cause of bad things we do see,
The cause of good it is as well
Far more than we can ever tell.

It builds our schools and churches all.
It pays the preacher for his call.
Our food and shelter from the cold
Are paid for with this sinful gold.

Now just what is this thing called wealth
We each prefer almost to health?
It's fruits of labor stored away
That we may use on rainy day.

Now all the wealth that we can see
And all that there can ever be,
Produced from earth and sea and soil
Was produced by relentless toil.

Just by ourselves or other men
Wealth can not be produced by sin.
Wealth is just concentrated force
Saved from great labor in due course.

Now all the wealth that's in the banks,
Just came from labor's seread ranks
That's saved from labor gone before
To which we've added our small store.

Producing wealth is not a sin
It is a virtue in all men.
For wealth it is a sacred thing
About which Poets well may sing.

Wealth is just concentrated power
That we should save against that hour,
When night cometh and none can work
That bitter hour we all would shirk.

Now all can see this thing called wealth
Is just as pure as life itself.
Dishonest deeds and acts of men
To get it is where lies the sin.

And in the useless way it's spent
Calamities are oftimes sent
To overtake men in their wake
Who so spend wealth they do not make.

Just like the Indian we would be
A feast or famine we would see,
Dependent on seasons or health
Save for our store of hoarded wealth.

So let us strive in honest way
To save against a rainy day.
Calamities will overtake
Those spending more than they do make.

Wealth ne'er gave to any one
Happiness here beneath the Sun.
Happiness comes from the inside,
And not from treasures scattered wide.

The greatest thing that wealth can give
Is that you may help some to live,
And make their burdens lighter bear
And ease from them their load of care.

All things in life just counteract
And this you'll find to be a fact,
Whether you're rich or known to fame,
Or poor you'll feel about the same.

The greatest wealth that you can find
A loving heart for all mankind,
That to the Father and the Son
Can truly say "Thy Will Be Done."

THE EVENING OF LIFE

The evening of life is approaching, my dear,
And the shadows are growing long.
But the sound of your voice has power to cheer
Like the words of a glad sweet song.

I loved you, my dear, when in childhood's hour,
We rode on our horses of sticks.
At sixteen I loved you, when youth was in flower,
And I'll love you at sixty-six.

Time has erected a bridge made of sighs,
Across the dead waste of the years.
A beacon of light, I can see in your eyes,
My love, let us smile through our tears.

The evening of life is approaching, my love,
The peace of the sweet autumn days,
The hand of the Master in Heaven above,
Leads us in mysterious ways.

WISDOM (?)

I am thinking of the log house,
Where I spent my childhood days,
I am thinking of the cabin,
Where I left my childish ways.

I am thinking of the old church,
Where I went in days of youth,
I am thinking of the preacher,
That I thought spoke perfect truth.

I am thinking of the swimming hole,
And famous "Dripping Spring,"
Of shady nooks and running brooks,
And all that sort of thing.

I did not know the cabin was
So rough and out of line,
I did not know it was not built,
By architect's design.

I did not know the preacher was,
Only a Camelite,
A simple minded country man,
Who never could be right.

I did not know the swimming hole
Was just a muddy creek,
Or that the spring was full of germs—
The water tasted sweet.

I did not know that shady nooks
Brought on rheumatic pains,
Or that the only music was
Made by orchestral strains,

And now that I am growing old,
It almost breaks my heart,
To find that after forty years,
I now have grown too smart.

ELECTION DAY

Uncle Jack Wallace was a man of might,
Never excited or scared at a fight,
He lived on a hill above Nolynn,
A leader and boss among his men.

A fight had occurred on Election Day,
While Uncle Jack Wallace was then away
Extensively figuring in the race,
And on the election taking place.

He said when placed on the witness stand,
In a manner pompously and bland,
That as he returned to cast his vote,
When nearing the top of a hill of note,

He distinctly saw in the misty weather,
Hatless and coatless run together,
A bunch of men who begun to cuss,
And from that time on it got wuss and wuss.

THE DAYS OF CREATION

I write of the time when Nature toyed
With the Earth then without form and void
When all of its substance by intense heat
Was melted to gaseous form complete.

And darkness covered the face of the Deep
All life in the Earth was fast asleep
The Spirit of God on the Earth did roam
The rocks they boiled and the water did foam.

Now "Let There Be Light" the Lord did say,
The gases now cooled and fell down away,
Down through the clouds showed the first dim light,
And the First Day of Earth was ended quite.

The Land and the Water shall now divide.
The Sea with its rising and ebbing tide.
Rock gases came down from out of the way
And so marked the close of the Second Day.

Mountains rose up from the floor of the Deep,
Dividing the Sea into ocean complete.
And up from the Land sprang the fruit and flower
And so marked the Third Day's closing hour.

The mists had now cleared completely away,
The sunshine came through on the Earth's fourth day.
The Moon and Stars shed their mellow light,
Down on the Earth on Creation's Fourth Night.

"The Waters shall bring" so sayeth The Lord,
The first moving thing with its free accord.
The creatures that fly and things first alive
Were born of the Deep on Day Number Five.

"The Earth shall produce" so sayeth the Word,
The Beasts of the field and cattle to herd,
And God made man just out of the clay.
With His mighty hand as He closed the Sixth Day.

When the gases had cooled so the hardest rock
To liquid was turned, it formed like a drop
And outside of this each layer went 'round
Nature's selection- its temperature found.

And so on and on, 'til the rocks found their place,
They came one and all like children in a race,
And when they came down the water was gas,
Up in the firmanent—Divided at last.—

The outside of Earth became solid we hear,
At the end of the Second Day's closing year.
The rains descended on the Third Day's morn,
And fell on the Earth which was still quite warm.

The cooling rains on this Third Earth's Day
They wrinkled the earth in a wondrous way.
These wrinkles rose up to a mountainous height,
And divided the oceans, by the Third Day's night.

And now came the rains in great sheets and with roar,
Floods mighty and galore—how they did pour.
They struck the hot earth and then went up in steam
And poured back again and washed out the stream.

No wonder the fruits and the flowers did grow
And streams cut channels as along they did flow,
The moss and the ferns grew as large as the trees,
The Earth was so warm that it never did freeze.

With abundance of warmth and moisture to spare,
And carbonic gases that now filled the air,
The day of the plant life had now reached its goal,
And in their decay we are told they made coal.

"Each dog has his day" So runs the old saw,
And so it appears to conform to God's law.
Each day of creation, exactly in line,
And fit to perfection each thing in its time.

And now, when the creeping things came from the deep,
They found that all Nature had waked from its sleep,
The sloppy warm earth and the plant life's decay,
They sure grew enormous when they had their day.

With lizzards as long as two big city blocks,
And bats, that were large as a cow, flew in flocks,
And whales that were large as a ship, filled the seas,
And monstrous creatures with wings, filled the breeze.

The cattle and beasts in their day filled the Earth
Mastodons and Mammoths with enormous girth
Fed on the prodigious growth of the herbs,
In multiplied thousands and numberless herds.

We live in the day that God made for the man
And mighty is he in God's own divine plan
He subdues all creatures as well as all force.
What wonders will He do as He runs His course?

THE FINISH

Rocks will melt as can be seen
By watching Aetna's lava stream
And cold to liquid, air will turn,
And heat the hardest diamond burn.

Two master forces, cold and heat,
They make of water, steam or sleet.
Heat, the active power brings strife
And cold, cessation from all life.

This balance now twixt heat and cold
It keeps the earth in present mould
Slight variation twixt the two
Would clear the stage of me and you.

If heat should get the upper hand
The ocean's bed would be dry sand
Excessive cold would soon suffice
To turn all water into ice

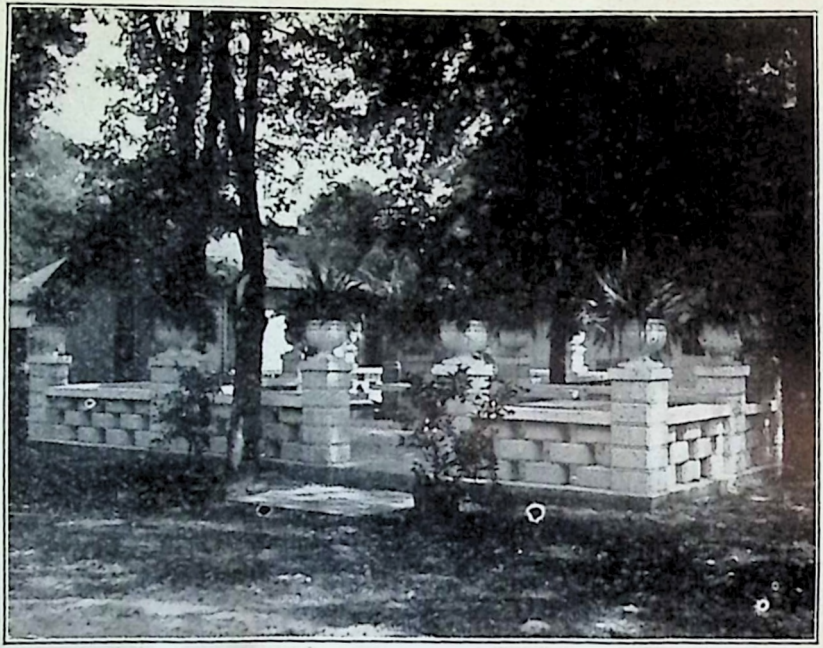
And air to liquid it would bring
And fall to Earth like rains in Spring
And trinkle down the mountain side
The frozen oceans cover wide

And soon a solid it would be
A solid frozen Air made sea
All quietness on earth below
There'd be no wind in shape to blow

The Earth would now be finished quite
All elements be frozen tight
Cycle complete since Nature toyed
With the Earth then without form and void.

ENERGY

And what, we ask, is this great force
That keeps the stars in their swift course,
Is om-ni-present everywhere,
'Til mind of man can scarcely dare
To follow in its august wake,
Forms infinite that it does take
In Universe so far and wide,
Can this be God, Personified?



FERN GARDEN—LOGAN'S PLAY HOUSE

DATE DUE

NOV 2	1 2005		
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LOUISVILLE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE COLLECTION
Not to be Taken from the Building
Ask at the desk for other material on the subject for home reading
Assistants are pleased to help you
Form 149 10M 16Mr27 Franklin

University of Louisville Libraries
U005 24497229 1

F
457
.M2
L65
1930